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THE ANGLICAN DIGEST*Founded 1958*

ISSN 0003-3278 Vol. 44, No. 1

Printed in the U.S.A.

The Anglican Digest is published six times per year by SPEAK, the Society for Promoting and Encouraging the Arts and Knowledge (of the Church) at Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

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TAD's NEW EDITOR

THE ANGLICAN DIGEST is pleased to introduce our new editor, the Rev Dr Kendall S. Harmon. Born in 1960 in Illinois and raised in central New Jersey, Kendall Harmon is a graduate of the Lawrenceville School. He experienced meeting Jesus Christ personally at age eighteen. Kendall went to Maine where he attended Bowdoin College. He was an active communicant at St Matthew's, Lisbon Falls, and a chemistry major at Bowdoin. He graduated, Phi Beta Kappa and Summa Cum Laude, in 1982. He received seminary training at Regent College in Vancouver, British Columbia from 1982 to 1984, and Trinity Episcopal School for Ministry, from which he graduated in 1987. He met his wife, Elizabeth, a nurse at Allegheny General Hospital, during this time. From 1987 to 1990 he served as Assistant Rector of Church of the Holy Comforter, Sumter, South Carolina, where their oldest child, Abigail, was born.

The Harmons moved to

Oxford, England in 1990. There, Elizabeth worked at the John Radcliffe Hospital and their two youngest children, Nathaniel and Selimah Marie, were born. In 1993 Kendall was awarded his Doctor of Philosophy from Oxford University, defending a dissertation on some twentieth-century theological explorations of the doctrine of hell.

Upon returning to South Carolina in 1993, Kendall was called to St Paul's Episcopal Church in Summerville. The current rector, the Rev Michael Lumpkin, called him to serve as Theologian-in-Residence, a position he has held since 1996. His ministry has emphasized preaching, teaching, and writing, particularly in the area of eschatology, or the study of the last things. Most recently he has taught in parishes in the diocese of South Carolina on the film "Left Behind," noting that while it raises important questions its answers are desperately wanting.

Dr Harmon's writings have appeared in various publications within the Church, including *Episcopal Life*, *The*

Living Church, *The Anglican Digest*, *Church Times*, and the *Church of England Newspaper*. Outside the Church his commentary has appeared in the *Charleston Post and Courier*, the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, and the *Cleveland Plain-Dealer*. An edited section of his doctoral thesis, "Nothingness and Human Destiny: Hell in the Thought of C.S. Lewis," appeared in *The Pilgrim's Guide: C.S. Lewis and the Art of Witness* (Eerdmans, 1998).

Dr Harmon has served in many positions in the diocese of South Carolina, including those of member of the Standing Committee and Examining Chaplain. At the national level, he served as a deputy to the 1997 and 2000 General Conventions, and was recently named to the Working Group on Science, Technology and Faith. In 2001 his wife Elizabeth, on a scholarship emphasizing rural health care, earned her graduate degree at the Medical University of South Carolina to become a family nurse practitioner. She currently serves at a physician's office in Monck's Corner,

South Carolina, where some of her patients struggle to choose between paying for medicine or food.

We welcome Dr Harmon to the TAD family.

AUTHOR IDENTIFIED

The article, Thoughts, on p. 40 of the Advent 2001 issue of THE ANGLICAN DIGEST was written by The Rev Luther Ison, a member of the Society of St Paul. We thank Fr Ison for the thoughts he shared and his daughter, Tanya, for letting us know that he was the author of those encouraging words.

CORRECTION

Through an editorial error, the words, "evangelical, charismatic" were inserted into the Rev Paul F. M. Zahl's feature, *Theses from our Cathedral Door . . .*, on page 16 of the Advent 2001 issue. These were not a part of Dean Zahl's original article and THE ANGLICAN DIGEST apologizes for their insertion.

MISSING MAIL?

During the transition between editors, some correspondence may have gone unanswered. If you had written to TAD and feel the communication may have gone astray, please let us know.

EPISCOPAL CENTER for CHILDREN

The Episcopal Center for Children is a residential and day treatment center for emotionally disturbed children of the Washington area. Services provided include individual therapy, special ed programs and therapeutic milieu. The Auxiliary Board of the ECC's TALENT SHOWCASE, The 2002 Episcopal School Concert, will be held March 3, 2002, at Christ Episcopal School, 109 S. Washington Street, Rockville, Maryland. For reservations or to make a donation please contact Raiford Gaffney at (202) 543-8930 or Ann Statland at (301) 949-1058 or by e-mail at

Annsamuel5@aol.com.

"HOW SHALL WE MEND IT, MY DEAR?"

*A Meditation Preached in the
Monastery Chapel*

With just the hint of spring in the air, and green shoots poking through the earth, I am reminded of one of the most beautiful places I know. It is that part of Suffolk where the river Stour winds its way gently through a patchwork of fields and ancient hedgerows, past quiet mills and centuries-old churches, and which was immortalized by the painter John Constable. His oldest son, in his diaries, talks about his father with great affection. He describes his two great passions in life, painting and his children. He loved nothing better than to spend whole days sketching in the Suffolk countryside, with his children playing by his side. Then in the evening at home he painted the final canvas in his studio, again with his children nearby.

The diaries describe one notable day when there was to be an exhibition of new works. Critics traveled to Suffolk, full of anticipation to see

Constable's latest paintings, and in particular one which was to be unveiled before them that day. The moment came. Constable walked up to his canvas, preparing to draw back the curtain to reveal it. As he did so there was utter silence, and then some embarrassment, because right across the canvas, from top to bottom, there was a great tear.

Eventually everyone left, leaving Constable and his family alone, and wondering about the torn canvas. One of his children, however, was missing. It was his oldest son. Eventually he came home and his father asked him, "Did you do this?" His son answered, "Yes." I wonder what your father would have said to you in these circumstances? But the diaries record that Constable spoke these gracious words to his son, which he remembered all his life: "How shall we mend it, my dear?"

Our world is a beautiful place. God has painted a beautiful canvas for us to live in, and yet we know that we have torn the canvas apart. Our greed has plundered the

land, polluted the earth, and made millions live lives of squalor and misery. Our sin has scarred our relationships with each other, broken up families, divided people of different cultures and beliefs, and filled us with fear and prejudice. Our world is torn and divided violently at every level. This terrible process is described in the New Testament as the work of the devil, and the Greek word used for devil, *diabolos*, literally means one who throws apart. The work of *diabolos* is essentially to divide and break or throw apart.

John Constable's son expected and deserved punishment, and we all deserve punishment for tearing apart God's creation. But Constable's father instead spoke those gracious words, "How shall we mend it, my dear?" And God, instead of punishing us, so loved us that he sent his son Jesus into the world to save us from tearing ourselves apart. "For God did not send the Son into the world to condemn the world, but in order that the world might be saved through him." (John 3:17)

So as we approach another Holy Week, how are you doing with the job of mending? What are your gifts for the ministry of reconciliation to which you have been called through baptism? How are you now, today, working with God to mend God's damaged world? And what about in your personal life? Where do you experience brokenness, torn relationships with others, brokenness and division within yourself? Where do you feel most vulnerable to the power of *diabolos*? When and where do you give in? Where do you most need to be healed and made whole?

Perhaps this evening, when you come to receive the sacrament, bring these things to God: your need to be healed, to be mended, to be made whole. Recommit yourself to work with God in the ministry of reconciliation, to heal a torn and broken world.

"How shall we mend it, my dear?"

- Br Geoffrey Tristram, SSJE,
via COWLEY, Society of St John,
the Evangelist, Cambridge,
Massachussets



NORTHERN LIGHTS



Two days after the September 11 terrorist attacks, evangelist Jerry Falwell got himself into trouble by attributing them to God's judgment on America. Having established a new benchmark for religious glibness, and finding himself in agreement with Osama Bin Laden, Jerry apologized. Understandably in those first few days there were a lot of easy morals drawn from these incidents. How could it be otherwise when the entire world reeled from the force of those collisions? We had encountered evil in its least subtle guise, unvarnished, calculated, theatrically malicious. And for all the courage demonstrated in those first few days, we were afraid.

There is nothing good to be said about the murder of so many people and the creation of so many widows and orphans. It has blighted forever the lives of scores of people, and this evil has hardly begun to run its course.

Yet even this lies within the

providence of God, and we may be confident that He will make use of it to draw us to His heart of love.

Much has been made of September 11 as the day when everything changed. From one perspective this is certainly true, but from another nothing changed at all. North Americans today are actually safer than they were before September 11. What has changed is that we have recognized some things to which earlier we were blind.

The most fundamental of these is the shortness and uncertainty of human life. It belongs to adolescence to forget mortality, and to adulthood to remember it again. But my generation, born into an unprecedented span of peace, and raised to trust not in God but technology, has managed to sustain for decades an essentially adolescent relation to death. Jesus taught that we should live each day as if it were our last: "For as in the days that were before the flood they were

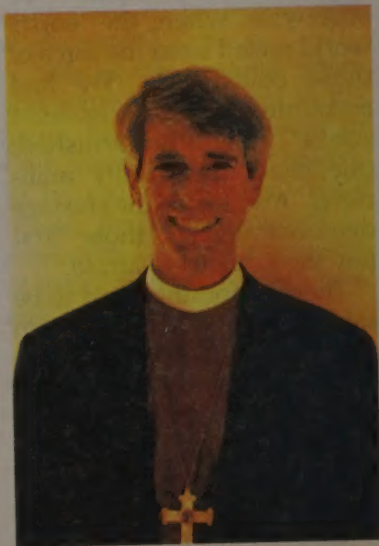
eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, And knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

The Christian response to the approach of death, as with all troubles, is to make use of it as a spiritual opportunity. Yet death itself is to be mocked. John Donne, following St Paul, did just that. "Death be not proud," he wrote, "Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men, And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell; For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow, Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me."

Some commentators have suggested that September 11 was the day that North Americans joined the rest of

the world in feeling insecure. That in itself will be of no use unless we can discover a new and realistic security in the One who lead captivity captive and gave his life a ransom for many, and who said, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

—The Rt Rev Anthony Burton
Bishop of Saskatchewan



LOVE SONG

We are in the ecumenical age. On the whole, we are glad that the ecumenical age has arrived; we applaud the visible converging of separated Christian bodies in matters of doctrine and practice, and we do believe that a reunited Christendom will more perfectly reflect God's will than do our present divisions.

But one thing troubles me. That is the apologetic attitude assumed by so many in our Church. Cleric and layman alike, they speak as if it were some kind of shameful disaster to be an Episcopalian. They apologize for our beliefs, our mode of worship, our discipline, our customs. They act, as do some families with closets full of skeletons, volubly disassociating themselves from the disaster.

I know the dangers of "denominational pride", but it happens that I love the Episcopal Church, and in spite of the desirability of the on-rushing ecumenism, perhaps I secretly hope that I may die in her arms. I love her, not conditionally or with

calculation, not with careful reservations, but freely, joyfully, wholeheartedly.

I love the stone and brick Victorian stateliness of her old city parishes, even when they get down at the heels because "the neighborhood has changed". And her tatty little small-town churches, smelling faintly of mice and damp, kept going somehow in the face of great difficulty by devoted, self-giving souls. And her gleaming, spanking-fresh suburban churches too, whose self-conscious cautious modern architecture speaks of tearful compromise.

I love her high-church places with their clouds of smoke from the incense pot and their ranks of statues. And no less do I love her low-church parishes, all furniture polish and gleaming brass and memorial tablets ... and the restrained but curiously exuberant dignity of choral Morning Prayer.

I love her doctrine, her emphasis on sound learning, her devotion to scripture and tradition, and the glorious Elizabethan periods of her

language. But I love too the freedom which she grants her children, her openness to the new, her breadth of humanity.

I love the bright young families proudly in their pews on Sunday morning, and the sparse congregations on weekdays whose hushed devotion to their Lord is an almost palpable radiance. And her old priests whose eyes show the compassion taught them in a lifetime; and her young priests who are so sure the world can be won in five years at the outside.

I love the names of her heroes - Laud, Hooker, Pusey, King, Gore, Weston, Seabury, Breck, DeKoven, Kemper, Rowe - and a hundred others.

I love the letters to The Living Church which begin, "Dear Sir. It is high time...", and the solemn nonsense with which the Executive Council launches a new project; the billowing sleeves of the bishop's rochets and the whole mad range of possible headgear that clerics can wear. I even love the battered Prayer Books in the pew racks

that so often turn out to be hymnals.

I love the eccentric old ladies in city parishes who dress in liturgical colors. And the uproarious stories about departed dignitaries that are told wherever priests gather and have time for small talk.

I love the hands of young and old reverently raised to receive the sacrament. And the dusty, dry tracts in church vestibules offering earnest advice that nobody wants. And the portraits of bearded ecclesiastics, long dead, on sacristy walls.

I really can't help it. I don't know if everybody ought to be an Episcopalian; it may be that other people feel as strongly about their churches as I do about mine. I do know that I love the Episcopal Church, that I am sworn to her, forsaking all others.

I'm glad of it. And it isn't denominational loyalty or sectarian spirit or party fervor. It's love.

- The late Rev James H. Pearson,
Rector (1964-1968), St Andrew's,
Edwardsville, Illinois

A YEARNING FOR FORGIVENESS

THE WRITINGS OF JOHN DUNNE

Among the excellent additions to The Hymnal 1982 is a text by John Donne, one of the great masters of English poetry. He wrote the words in 1623 during a severe illness when he was about 50 years old. Donne had been ordained a priest of the Church of England eight years earlier. His fame as an eloquent and soul-stirring preacher had grown to the extent that he had recently been installed as dean of St Paul's Cathedral in London.

The poem "A Hymn to God the Father" was first set to music in his lifetime and sung in his hearing at St Paul's. The compilers of the hymnal have paired it with two tunes, as Hymns 140 and 141. It is unfamiliar to most Episcopalians, and the irregular, rough-hewn quality of the text poses something of a stumbling block. Its appeal may increase if we know some biographical facts about the author.

John Donne, born in 1572,

was a man of immense intellectual energy and curiosity. In addition to theology, he was well read in law, medicine, classical literature, and the new sciences emerging from the discoveries of Galileo and Copernicus, and the European explorers of the "new world." Following university education at Oxford, he began the formal study of law in London. There he became known as "a great visitor of ladies, a great frequenter of plays, a great writer of conceited (i.e., ingeniously witty and clever) verses." The poems of these early years are marked by a sophisticated and impudent eroticism, mingled with disparagement of women's inconstancy and vanity, and cynicism about romantic love. The reputation of a libertine that he gained during this period of his life would, in later years, haunt his conscience.

At 29, Donne fell in love with and secretly married Anne More, 17, infuriating her upper-class father who was powerful enough to have Donne imprisoned for a short time. From a worldly point of

view, the marriage was the worst move he could have made. He lost his position as secretary to an important official in the government of Queen Elizabeth, and the door closed on prospects for the career he had sought at court. But in terms of personal joy, it was the turning point of his life. His love for Anne and hers for him was deep, abiding, and all too brief. She died in childbirth after 15 years of marriage.

Donne had taken holy orders and become a priest of the Church of England two years before her death. His later poems are as sincerely devout in expression of love toward God as those of his youth are cynical about romantic love and bawdy in their treatment of sexual appetite. But an unmistakable element in all of them is the passionate yearning of the heart for fulfillment, in love whether profane or sacred.

In the first two stanzas of our hymn, the speaker repeatedly asks God: "Wilt thou forgive?" *Wilt thou forgive that sin where I began* — that is, the inherited "original sin" which

in Augustinian and scholastic theology was thought to pass from parent to child at conception. (*It is my sin, though it were done before.* Added to it are the transgressions that are his not by inheritance but by actual commission: *Those sins through which I run, And do them still, though still I do deplore.*

Each of the first two stanzas ends with an identical refrain: *When thou hast done, thou hast not done, for I have more.* That is, when you, Lord, have forgiven my sins, the task is not yet fully accomplished. "Thou hast not done." Why? The poet is punning on his name, which is pronounced exactly as the past tense of the verb do. I have not fully given myself to you, Lord. Forgiven and absolved, I nonetheless continue in sin, because I am not yours.

Thou hast not done, for I have more. Here is another pun, on the name of his beloved wife, now dead. For the purpose of his soul's confession in these penitential verses, however, he writes as though she were still alive, still "his." Notwithstanding his great love

for Anne, Donne's conscience troubled him concerning aspects of their marriage. For years they lived in genteel semi-poverty on the estate of one of his kinsmen. His straitened circumstances and frustrated ambitions were doubtless more onerous by reason of his having brought them on his wife as well as himself. A letter to a friend seven years after the marriage intimates the guilt he felt. "I write from the fireside in my parlor, by the side of her whom, because I have transplanted to such a wretched fortune, I must labor to disguise that from her by all such honest devices, as giving her my company and discourse."

And yet the words are heavy with pathos, resignation, sadness. "I have no more." My beloved wife is dead. Maybe it was necessary for you, Lord, to take her from me. Indeed, my love for her may have been a form of idolatry, sinfully usurping the love I owed to you and you alone. But she is gone from me. "I have no more." I have no Anne. No human love eclipses your radiance in my

life. Nor is my love toward you impeded now by any earthly love. Thou hast Donne. But Donne has no More.

Donne appears to have seen himself in this light: as an earthly lover prodded by the divine spur concealed in faithful earthly loves. Thus spurred, he continues to climb (incurring, inevitably, the pain of bereavement and grief) to find at last that fallen human love is no longer fallen, nor annihilated by death. Rather, it has gradually been transfigured into love for God. The words inscribed on a plaque at Anne's grave are eloquent testimony: "To Anne . . . a woman most choice, most beloved; a wife most dear, most pure; a mother most gentle, most dutiful. Her husband, John Donne, made speechless by grief, sets up this stone to speak, and pledges his ashes to hers in a new marriage under God."

- The Rev R. Bruce Birdsey,
Associate Priest of St Philip's,
Brevard, North Carolina

by permission THE LIVING CHURCH

OPERATION PASS ALONG

As more of our readers become involved in Operation Pass Along, and the ministry expands, it seems appropriate to report our activities on an ongoing basis with a feature in THE ANGLICAN DIGEST. We will regularly update the statistical information but also try to convey the depth of ministry that stretches out to the corners of the earth. This will let the many contributors know how their donations are being used and, perhaps, encourage others to join in this outreach.

In the last year, OPA received about 7,000 books and 350 ecclesiastical items. Some 6,000 books were taken or sent out, with over 1,500 going to twelve countries outside the U.S. We sent 101 books to the library of St Thomas Theological College in Karachi, Pakistan. Another 21 books went to an Eastern Orthodox seminarian in Belgrade, Yugoslavia. One of his instructors recommended he do in-depth study of the Anglican Church.

Mexico was added to our distribution in 2001. Books and vestments were sent to Dr Ricardo Blanco-Beledo to assist in his efforts to support his bishop in the Diocese of Cuernavaca in upgrading the educational level of priests in the barrios. Dr Blanco-Beledo wrote:

I have found real urgent needs. For instance: there is not a single library for the clergy, (11 priests with an annual income of \$4000 US, more or less each one.) They work in 27 congregations, with table clothes at least 5 years old, no chasubles, very few "Book of Common Prayer" in Spanish, (The bishop has printed booklets for Holy Communion), etc.

The first box arrived last Friday, it was a box with vestments. The frontal has gone to Yautepec, with Fr Jorge H. Garcia. I sent the chasubles for cleaning and then I think that they are necessary in Acatlipa and Alta Palmira; I will speak about it with Fr Luis Bravo next week. Thank you very much again.

Ecclesiastical items ranging from girdles to chasubles and altar frontals have been



shipped overseas. Third World countries, primarily in Africa, with some to Mexico and the Philippines, were sent 311 items. An American seminarian was helped with a red stole when a thief took his shortly before ordination.

Because of the high cost of shipping overseas, items are held until monetary donations sufficient to cover those costs come in. TAD reminds readers that donations of books, vestment items, and money are always welcomed. Even the smallest contributions have far reaching impact in worldwide Christian ministry. We also want those seeking to build a home or church library to know there are generally about 12,000 books on the shelves, waiting to find a good home. With the high volume of books coming in and leaving, let us know if there are specific titles you need. Call weekdays from 9-4 central time at (479)253-9701 or send an e-mail to

speak@peakinc.org

WIT & WISDOM of "NEVER"

Never say "Oops" in the operating room. — *Dr Leo Troy*

Never kick a fresh cow pie on a hot day. — *Harry S. Truman*

Never drive through a small Southern town at 100mph with the local sheriff's 16-year-old daughter on your lap.

— *Anonymous member of a chain gang*

Never ruin an apology with an excuse. — *Kimberly Johnson*

Never criticize a man until you've walked a mile in his shoes. If he doesn't like what you have to say, it will be OK because you'll be a mile away and have his shoes.

Never attribute to malice that which is adequately explained by stupidity.

Never let your sense of morals prevent you from doing what is right. — *Salvor Hardin*

Never try to out-stubborn a cat. — *Lazarus Long*

Never argue with a fool. He may be doing the same thing.



Theses from our Cathedral Door . . .

A GREAT UNKNOWN



When I light up about Mark Rutherford, no one else seems to have heard of him. His given name was William Hale White, but he published six novels under the pen name "Mark Rutherford." He wrote in England during late Victorian times and was admired by Joseph Conrad, Andre Gide, and D.H. Lawrence. But no one seems to know of him today.

Why do I wish to commend his work to the readers of TAD? Because he was a Christian touched by genius who wrote of life's deepest poignancies and misfires in *theological context*.

Mark Rutherford tried bravely to understand why important aspects of evangelical Christianity had fallen into disrepute in late 19th century England. He sought to connect the Sermon on the Mount to politics and economic life. He lost his faith, yet he also regained it. And he couldn't get away from

Jesus of Nazareth.

Unlike Thomas Hardy, Mark Rutherford was a conscious Christian. But he was also a wary one, burned out by overly severe versions of Christianity. His novels, of which only one, *The Autobiography*, is still in print in the U.S.—though they are all available from second-hand book shops and through the Internet—are dense, deep, moving stories of real people whose lives, like ours, are best illuminated through the categories of providence, salvation, and love required. Read the novels of Mark Rutherford!

— *The Very Rev Paul F.M. Zahl*



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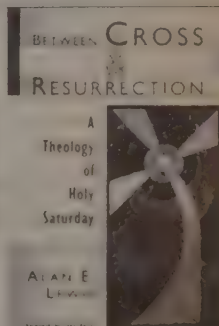


FAITH ODYSSEY: A Journey Through Lent, by Richard A. Burridge, dean of King's College, London, who invites readers on a Lenten journey like none ever taken. Each day's reading starts with a Bible passage and continues with stories and reflections rising from literature, pop cultures, television, and film — all to illustrate the human journey from the ashes of sorrow to shouts of gladness, from slavery to freedom, from being lost to coming home — a truly unique devotional experience.

Item E649T (softbound, 226 pp, group study, biblio) **\$15**



BETWEEN CROSS & RESURRECTION: A Theology of Holy Saturday, by Alan E. Lewis (1944-1994), sometime professor of constructive and modern theology at Austin (Texas) Presbyterian Theological Seminary. For much of Christian history the Church has given no place for Holy Saturday in its liturgy. Yet the space dividing Calvary and the Garden may be the best place from which to reflect on the meaning of Christ's death and resurrection. This superb book by the late Alan Lewis develops on a grand scale and in great detail a theology of Holy Saturday.



Item E673T (hardbound, 477 pp, index) **\$30**

(order form over page)

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THE WHOLE WORLD CHANGED SEPTEMBER 11

Dust, everywhere. Everywhere, everywhere, dust. Everything was covered in dust. It was unbelievable. We couldn't imagine how the whole southern part of Manhattan Island could become covered in dust. It wasn't long before we began saying: What should we dust first? What should be the priority? We decided the first thing was the pews, so people could come in and rest and pray and reflect and receive some counseling. What next? Well, what about the prayer books? People need to pick up the prayer books and find the prayer that speaks in this moment to them. Dust the prayer books! Next? The votive candles of course. There'll be people coming in who will want to light a candle for someone who has died or someone who is missing. Dust the votive candles! And we're still dusting.

But the dust did not just fall in the southern tip of

Manhattan. The dust fell all over the world on September 11th. Not one inch of this earth is without dust. Little villages all over the world, people, nations, religious groups of all traditions, all faiths — everybody is covered with the dust of the World Trade Center. None is without dust. Of course, they are saying the same thing we did: What do we dust off first? What's most important to us? What do we need to use immediately? What's secondary? And what's not very important?

Different lives — The world changed on September 11. Values are different. People are saying what's it all about and what do we need to dust off and keep? You and I are saying the same thing. What about your life? What about my life? What about our lives? What's important to dust off, right now, to preserve and keep and use? What seems superficial and empty now?

Have you ever been in an antique store? You walk in and see all this stuff from bygone times. Then maybe if

you are interested enough, the owner offers to take you out to his barn in the back. So you follow him out, he unlocks the big padlock, opens the door and turns on all the lights. You walk in and the place is full of things from bygone eras, all covered with dust. Everything is so covered in dust you can't tell one thing from another. You begin to wander through the barn, trying to distinguish one thing from another, and you come across a table that has something on it, and you say, "I believe that's what my grandfather used to use, and I haven't seen one since." You reach in your pocket, pull out your handkerchief and begin to dust it off. Pretty soon you discover, yès, that's exactly what my grandfather had in his house. I remember it as a little boy. You smile and say to yourself, no matter what it costs, I'm going to buy it, because it reminds me of him. It bespeaks my traditions. As you leave the barn, you look around and say, such a treasure among so much junk.

Our treasures - What are our treasures? What are

those things that really matter? Some of them are covered with dust. Some of them we're visibly trying to dust off and polish because we have ignored them. Some of these treasures are not things, but are people, ideas, and beliefs.

What's true and what's false? What's real and what's junk, what's to be preserved and what isn't? It's as if everything's changed as a result of September 11th. Our value systems are all being adjusted.

St Paul's Chapel on Broadway, completed in 1766, is part of our parish. The oldest public building in continuous use in Manhattan, it is the place where George Washington said his prayers after he was inaugurated and it has served as a refuge during times of revolution and war. On September 11th, despite being directly across the street from two 110-story towers which collapsed, that little building miraculously survived.

In the midst of this terrible tragedy, President Bush called for prayers and ringing

of bells at noon on Friday September 14th. I called the engineers who operate our churches and office buildings downtown and asked them if they could ring the bells of St Paul's at 12 noon. One of them, Mike Borrero, said, "Dr Matthews, I'm sorry, we can't possibly do that. You can't imagine what it's like down here. We just can't do that."

About an hour later, Mike was on the phone and said, "Guess what? We got in the church. Crawling up the wooden bell tower, I saw an iron bar. I picked it up and crawled up to that bell, and I beat the hell out of it, 12 times, while Jim held the flashlight so I could see. When I got back down, they told me that all the police officers, all the firemen, and all the volunteers heard that bell, and when they did they took their hats off."

The rescuers stood in silence, as if to say: "The Lord God reigns, even in this hell." The Lord God does reign! And sometimes in the midst of the most horrible tragedies, we see with eyes with

which we haven't seen before. I wonder how many people even knew there was a bell in that tower. Now, God willing, we hope to ring it at 12 noon every day as long as we exist, remembering to announce to the world, "God reigns."

Symbols of life - At times like this a bell becomes more than just a bell; it becomes, in our language, a sacrament. When we celebrate the Eucharist, it's not just a little bread and a little wine, it's a sacrament saying God loves me and God loves you, and God gives himself to you and to me.

A lot of us have little things that have happened that have been powerfully big. We'll never forget the voice of the man speaking to his wife from that doomed plane over Pennsylvania — words that you and I need to dust off. Words that you and I need to say more often: "I love you. I love you. I love you!" It needs dusting off. We know that nothing is more profound for that widow, and nothing is more profound for you and me, than to know

that God loves us, and that we love each other.

I have my own symbol, my sacrament. When that smoke was so thick after the collapse of the first tower, and we thought we were going to die — we all admit it now — someone handed me a little white mask to cover my nose and mouth to help me breathe. I can't tell you what a treasure it was, and I've worn it every day I've been down near Ground Zero. I'm going to save it because it symbolizes life to me — a little inexpensive mask. It means more than I could ever imagine such a simple thing could mean. Lots of simple things are meaning a lot more to you and to me than they ever have before. Maybe someday my grandchild will find this and say, "My grandfather wore that and it saved his life, back in 2001."

Providence has a way with us at a time like this. The Collect for today is so powerful, so profoundly prophetic and appropriate, I hope you'll go home, put it on your refrigerator and say it every time you grab that door.

Grant us, Lord, not to be anxious about earthly things, but to love things heavenly; and even now, while we are placed among things that are passing away, to hold fast to those that shall endure; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. Amen.

— The Rev Daniel Paul
Matthews, Rector, Trinity
Church, Wall Street, New York,
New York

[Fr Matthews watched from Trinity's offices as the second airliner hit the World Trade Center on September 11th, and he was forced to evacuate lower Manhattan with the parish's clergy, staff and the children at the parish's pre-school. This is a slightly adapted version of the sermon he preached on Sunday, September 23, in the Shrine of St Elizabeth Seton, where Trinity's Sunday congregation is temporarily worshipping until New York City authorities allow them to return to their church.]

— via EPISCOPAL NEWS SERVICE



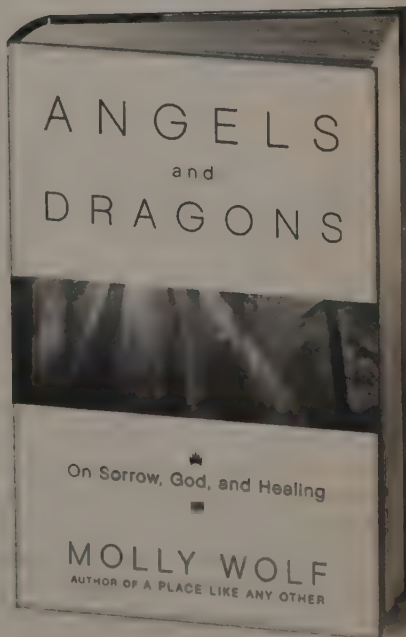
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ROCK OF AGES . . .

In 1762 a young Anglican curate named Augustus M. Toplady was walking through his parish of Burrington in Somerset, England, when he was suddenly caught in a violent thunderstorm. Looking about him for quick cover, Toplady found refuge from the weather in the cleft of a large rock nestled in some nearby foothills. When fair weather returned, he rushed home and quickly penned these words:

*Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in Thee;*

*Let the water and the blood,
from Thy wounded side
which flowed,*

*Be of sin the double cure,
save from wrath and make
me pure.*

*Could my tears forever flow,
could my zeal no languor
know,*

*These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou
alone:*

*In my hand no price I bring,
simply to Thy cross I cling.*

*While I draw this fleeting breath,
when my eyes shall close in
death,*

*When I rise to worlds unknown,
and behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in Thee.*

We of course know these beautiful words to be the hymn *Rock of Ages*.

The rock, which gave Augustus M. Toplady shelter from that storm in 1762, and which proved to be the inspiration to write this beautiful hymn, stands to this day in the hills of Burrington, England. Affixed to its face is a plaque that reads:

This rock derives its name from the well-known hymn written about 1762 by the Rev. A.M. Toplady who was inspired whilst sheltering in this cleft during a storm.

Three summers ago I had the privilege of standing in the very cleft of this rock while visiting friends in Somerset.

And by the way, the same God who inspired Augustus Toplady is still on His throne, still a rock and fortress for His people and is still saving sinners from wrath.

— *The Rev Quintin Morrow,
Rector, St Andrew's,
Fort Worth, Texas*

THE CHURCH MYSTERIOUS

Every Sunday I walk out of the parish hall, which is behind the church, around to the front door. As I approach the arched double doors at the front of the church, I am reminded that I am entering a house of God. The four crosses on the bell tower and the ornate cross perched atop the peak of the roof of the narthex serve to remind me of the holiness of this place; this place where I have come to worship God since I was six years old.

I open the door, usually accompanied by a breeze, stop briefly to take a quick look in the mirror at my hair, then proceed to cross the threshold of the narthex into the nave. Suddenly, after entering from the front door, I am in the *back* of the church. How can I be in the back of the church if I just entered through the *front* door?

As I am greeted by the smiling, welcoming face of an usher and handed a bulletin, I take a deep breath and look out over the pews before me. The very old stained glass windows along either side, awash with sunlight and shadows, beckon me to come further inside. From here, at the "back" of the church, I am filled with awe and wonder as I look toward the "front" of the church where the most prominent visions before me are the three stained glass windows representing the Ascension of Christ, with James and John on either side.



And here is where the real mystery begins: I can't see everything in this place. There are arches and transepts and hidden angles. There are doors on either side of the sanctuary which seem so mysterious by their very existence. There are no signs to tell me where to go, no sign pointing the way to the exit, the restrooms, or the nursery! I have to find my own way. But I know there will always be someone there to help guide me; all I have to do is ask for directions.

This building, which I love so much, is much more than a building to me. It represents my whole life, my whole journey of faith. There is mystery and confusion; beauty and starkness; there are hidden places, and places that make me laugh with memories of childhood; the *front* door leads me into the *back* of the church, for heaven's sake!

As I feel and hear the presence of so many happy voices of the past in this place, I rejoice, knowing that *this place*, this most special, mysterious place, will show me the way. Whether it comes from an usher, a greeter, a parishioner, a priest, or the awesome power of God at work in this building, I know that I will find my way.

– Susan Danielsson, Member of Christ Church,
Springfield, Missouri since 1954

FEAST OF THE ANNUNCIATION – MARCH 25

*Sing we of the blessed Mother who received the angel's word,
and obedient to the summons bore in love the infant Lord;
sing we of the joys of Mary at whose breast the child was fed
who is Son of God eternal and the everlasting Bread.*

*Sing we, too, of Mary's sorrows, of the sword that pierced her through,
when beneath the cross of Jesus she his weight of suffering knew,
looked upon her Son and Savior reigning from the awful tree,
saw the price of our redemption paid to set the sinner free.*

*Sing again the joys of Mary when she saw the risen Lord,
and in prayer with Christ's apostles, waited on his promised word;
from on high the blazing glory of the Spirit's presence came,
heavenly breath of God's own being, manifest in wind and flame.*

*Sing the chiefest joy of Mary when on earth her work was done, and
the Lord of all creation brought her to his heavenly home; where,
raised high with saints and angels, in Jerusalem above, she beholds her
Son and Savior reigning as the Lord of love.*

– The Hymnal 1982

TRACTS FOR THESE TIMES

DEATH AND
NEW LIFE

The principle of Christian living is life through death. It is the Paschal mystery, the dying and rising of the Lord Jesus. The centerpiece of the Christian year is the celebration and commemoration of the death and resurrection of the Lord, Good Friday and Easter, *Tiduum Sacrum*. All else flows from Easter.

The Lord's Day is not only the first day of the week, the day of creation, but the day of the resurrection, the day of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and the eighth day, the eschatological day anticipating the coming of the kingdom of God. The great themes of creation and re-creation, incarnation and atonement, death and resurrection, birth and rebirth, redemption and salvation, sacrifice and victory, are all summed up in the Paschal Mystery and celebration.

The Church preaches not only Christ crucified, but also the good news of Jesus and the resurrection. The great



God Almighty who entered into his creation through the womb of the Blessed Mary Ever-Virgin, becoming Man, died and was raised for our justification. He bids us enter into his obedience, that we may be partakers of his divine nature and enjoy glorious redemption wrought by the shedding of his blood on Calvary. We are saved by his death and passion, and are granted newness of life and new birth by the power of his indwelling Spirit through faith and obedience.

The Gospel is the Gospel of the crucified and risen Lord. It is the saving good news of the marvelous kingdom of God.

God calls us to discipleship, to incorporation into the very life of the Trinity, to that mutual indwelling, whereby "He lives in us and we in Him." The proclaimed Gospel comes alive in the daily living in Christ of the Church, the living Body of Christ which is the company and community of the baptized. Christian life is daily dying to sin and living unto righteousness.

Participation in the Paschal Mystery is through baptism, where we share fully in the death of Christ and partake of his resurrection. We are imbued with Holy Spirit, by whose grace we become what we are in baptism: children of God, heirs of the kingdom of God, and Christlike followers of the Lord Jesus.

We are to grow into the fullness of the stature of Christ by the grace of the Sacraments and the power of the Holy Spirit, as we daily feed on his Word and are nourished by his eucharistic life-giving food and drink, his very self, Body and Blood.

Each year we are called to enter more fully into Christian discipleship. Easter is always

that new beginning and new life, through death. It was and is the day of holy baptism, *par excellence*. Lent is a season of preparation, preparation for death and new life. The way to life and glory, is the way of the cross. To get to Easter and resurrection, one must go to Calvary and die.

The forty days of Lent is the season of intensive preparation for those preparing for Christian initiation, for baptism, through which we enter into the Mystery of reconciliation with God in Christ Jesus. Lent is the season by which we prepare to enter anew and more fully into more Christ-life patterns of daily living, better habits, and a deeper relationship with God. That is why the Lenten themes are baptismal themes, all about dying and rising, the old and new, the struggle between good and evil, the just and the unjust, truth and error. It is all about the Cross, about sacrifice and the shedding of blood. So on one hand, Lent is for the catechumens, people preparing for baptism, people preparing to become Christians.

But for Christians, for the already baptized, it is a season to deepen our discipleship so the baptismal life may be renewed, reformed, reshaped, revitalized. Thus it is a season of more intensive discipleship designed not only to make ordinary Christians better, but bad Christians holy. It is thus a time for repentance.

One of the greatest gifts God has bestowed in his Church is the gift of forgiveness and absolution through the sacrament of reconciliation, penance, and confession. Lent is a time of spiritual housecleaning, of a thorough examination of life, of every thought, word, and action, of things done and things left undone. "All have sinned and fallen short of the glory of God", and all sinners are called to repentance.

The world is in a terrible condition, and lives are broken and estranged from God by sin. It often takes unusual tragedies to make us face up to the horrendous consequences of sin, even our snide little sins. So we are called to repentance.

Those being prepared for

baptism examine their lives, confess their sins, so that at the Easter Vigil, they experience truly the death of the old life and the thorough washing away of sin, before entering into the new life of resurrection splendor. Christians are called daily to repentance, but more intensively and thoroughly, as we prepare for the Paschal Mystery. The sacrament of repentance, reconciliation, penance, is a form of death in order that He may make "all things new!" No good and righteous thing is ever obtained except through the shedding of blood. The fight for freedom and justice, for the right and the true, is not without a death. Lent is the way of the cross, but so is Christian living. No cross, no crown. No Calvary, no Easter.

We are called to the knowledge and love of the Lord. We are to love God with all our being. The more we love him, the more we know him. In that relationship of love, He continues to reveal himself. The more we know him, not just about him, but himself, the more we love. Love and

knowledge belong together. That is why Lent is a time of study, to deepen and enrich our knowledge of God and the things of God through the Scriptures, and our study of things pertaining to our faith. Christian faith is all about a relationship. We are called to love God through prayer, meditation, holy communion, and especially by confession and the grace of absolution. If we say we love God, then we must be rid of all things which hinder that love and separate us from him.

So we are back again to the Paschal Mystery. We are not only to prepare to celebrate it and enter more fully into it, we are called to live it, daily dying (to sin), and rising (to newness of life).

*The Rev Dr Richard
Cornish Martin, SSC,
Baltimore, Maryland*



*Love one another as
I have loved you.*

MY WILL

I have a will. Two months ago I couldn't say that. It took the death of a close friend to wake me up. Now I'm wondering why I procrastinated so long. Let me tell you about my will.

My will reflects my wishes. Instead of the courts appointing an executor (personal representative), my son will handle this, and without bond. My will makes provision for family members in a way state statutes would not do. My will establishes a trust to benefit my spouse and reduce estate taxes. My will lets me disburse money to my children and grandchild in an orderly and prolonged manner. My will identifies several charities to receive special bequests. In short, my will allocates my assets according to my desires.

My will is legally valid. I went to an attorney who specializes in estate planning. She knew the right questions to ask and the best way to accomplish my goals. I was tempted to take a short cut

and use one of those will documents you can get at a stationery store. I even thought of just sitting down and writing out my will on a piece of paper, a sort of do-it-yourself project. I'm sure glad I didn't fall into that trap. After all, why do a will and then spend the rest of your life wondering whether it is truly valid?

My will is up to date. This is because I only recently created it and it reflects my current situation. But life never stays the same. Within a few years, new estate laws may arise. Family members may develop different needs. The composition of my estate may change. As my attorney says, "An out-of-date will could be as harmful as having no will at all."

My will can be amended. It is not set in concrete. I can change it easily, either by adding a codicil or by simply having it redrafted. The important thing is that I have a workable will in place—now.

My will is safely stored. I have a copy of my will in my files at home, but I keep the original in a bank safe

deposit box. I don't want to lose this important document through fire or theft. I also made sure my personal representative knows how to find my will.

My will provides peace of mind. For years I lived with a nagging apprehension about what would happen if I died without a will. Those feelings are gone. I now have a sense of well-being about these matters, an inner calmness. It took a little time and effort and it cost a few dollars, but it was well worth it all.

—by William G. Nolan, lawyer
and regional gift planning
manager with the Episcopal
Church Foundation,
via Church of the Ascension,
Knoxville, Tennessee

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ANGLICAN SYMBOLS

The Canterbury Cross



The Canterbury Cross is widely recognized as a symbol of the ministry of Canterbury Cathedral, the Mother Church of the world-wide Anglican Communion, and of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The original cross, dating from c. 850 was discovered in an excavation in 1867 beneath St George's Street in Canterbury, England. A replica is mounted on the wall at the west end of the south aisle of Canterbury Cathedral. Similar replicas, mounted on fragments of Canterbury stone, are placed in diocesan cathedrals throughout the world as tangible reminders of the origins of the Anglican Communion, of which the Episcopal Church in the

United States is an integral member. The Canterbury Cross is also a symbol for the sacramental communion of all baptized of the Anglican Church with His Grace, The Most Reverend and Right Honorable, Dr George L. Carey, 103rd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan of the Realm, *Primus Inter Pares*.

The Compass Rose

The Compass Rose is the



identifying emblem of the Anglican Communion. It is used throughout the Communion as a symbol of the world-wide Anglican family of churches. The original wooden model of the emblem was made for the second international Anglican Congress that met in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1954. It was

designed by The Rev Canon Edward N. West of the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine in New York City. The modern design is that of Giles Bloomfield. A bronze version, set into the nave of Canterbury Cathedral, was dedicated by Dr Robert A. K. Runcie, 102nd Archbishop of Canterbury (1980-90), at the closing Holy Eucharist of the 1988 Lambeth Conference. Archbishop Runcie dedicated a similar Compass Rose in the National Cathedral of Saint Peter and Saint Paul in Washington, D.C., in 1990. Another Compass Rose was dedicated in the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine in New York City by the current Archbishop of Canterbury, in memory of Canon West.

At the center of the circular emblem is the red cross of Saint George on a silver shield, served as a reminder of the origins of the Anglican Communion in the Church of England. It is also a unifying link to the past with the life of the Communion today. Encircling the cross is a band bearing the inscription "*The Truth Shall Set You Free*" in New

Testament Greek (John 8:32). From the band radiate points of the compass, symbolizing the world-wide spread of the Gospel by Anglican churches. Surmounting the shield, at the north, is a mitre, the symbol of the Apostolic (Episcopal) Order which is essential to the life of all churches which constitute the Anglican Communion. The compass Rose is the official logo of the Anglican Consultative Council and the Inter-Anglican Secretariat.

The Episcopal Church Seal

The familiar Episcopal Church Seal was adopted by the General Convention in 1940. The red cross that divides the white field into four rectangles is the cross of Saint George, the patron saint of England. The colors, red,



white and blue are the colors of the flags of both the United States and England. The blue field contains a cross made of nine crosslets. The composite cross is the cross of Saint Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland. Each of the nine crosslets which make up Saint Andrew's cross represents one of the nine dioceses which met in Philadelphia in 1789 to form the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, the first Anglican Church outside of the British Isles. The nine founding dioceses were Connecticut, New York, Maryland, Delaware, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Virginia, and South Carolina. The cross of Saint Andrew remembers the fact that Samuel Seabury, the first bishop of the Episcopal Church, (and of the diocese of Rhode Island), was consecrated by bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church. The Seal thus reveals the heritage of the Episcopal Church with its origins in both the Church of England and the Scottish Episcopal Church.

— *Taddled*

PRAYING THE HOURS

These prayers are meant to recall us in heart and mind to God:

LAUDS — (When you awake)

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

PRIME — (When you arise)

We, give thee hearty thanks, O heavenly Father, for the rest of the past night, and for the gift of a new day. Grant that we may so pass its hours in the perfect freedom of thy service, that at eventide we may again give thanks unto thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

TERCE — (mid-morning)

O Heavenly Father, in whom we live and move and have our being: We humbly pray thee so to guide and govern us by thy Holy Spirit, that in all the cares and occupations of our daily life we may never forget thee, but remember that we are ever walking in thy sight; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

SEXT - (At noon)

Blessed Saviour, who at this hour didst hang upon the cross stretching out thy loving arms: Grant that all mankind may look unto thee and be saved; who livest and reignest with the Father and Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end.

NONES - (mid-afternoon)

O God our Father, who makest thy sun to rise upon the evil and upon the good, and sendest rain upon the just and upon the unjust: Help us to love our enemies, and to forgive those who trespass against us, that we may receive of thee the forgiveness of our sins, and be made thy children in spirit and in truth; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever.

Lord of all power and might, who art the author and giver of all good things: Graft in our hearts the love of thy Name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O Saviour of the world, who by thy Cross and precious Blood hast redeemed us; Save us, and help us, we humbly beseech thee, O Lord.

VESPERS - (after supper)

O Lord, support us all the day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then, Lord, in thy mercy, grant us safe lodging, a holy rest, and peace at the last; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

COMPLINE - (bed time)

Visit, we beseech thee, O Lord, this place, and drive from it all the snares of the enemy; let thy holy angels dwell herein to preserve us in peace; and may thy blessing be upon us evermore; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord; and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; for the love of thy only Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ.

MATTINS - (When wakeful in
the early morning)

O Lord our heavenly Father, by whose providence the duties of men are variously ordered: Grant to us all the spirit to labour heartily to do our work in our several stations in serving one Master and looking for one reward. Teach us to put to good account whatever talents thou hast lent to us, and enable us to redeem our time by patience and zeal; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

DIFFICULT TIMES -

(When you have difficulty in
being prayerful)

Lord, teach us to pray. Lord, keep our thoughts from wandering. Lord, cleanse our hearts that we may worship thee in spirit and in truth; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

OFFERING -

(It is always appropriate to
offer yourself to God)

O GOD, Most High and Holy Three in One, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit: We offer to thee this day, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a rea-

sonable, holy, and living sacrifice unto thee: to whom be all praise and glory.

THANKSGIVING - (Any time)

O Most merciful Father, we humbly thank thee for all thy gifts so freely bestowed upon us. For life and health and safety, for power to work and leisure to rest, for all that is beautiful in creation and in the lives of men, we praise and magnify thy Holy Name. But, above all, we thank thee for our spiritual mercies in Christ Jesus our Lord, for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. Fill our hearts with all joy and peace in believing; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

INVITATORY -

(Invite yourself to pray)

The Lord God is gracious and merciful: O come let us worship.

- The Rev Leslie L. Grant, via
TAD Reader Trevor Bennett,
Calgary, Alberta

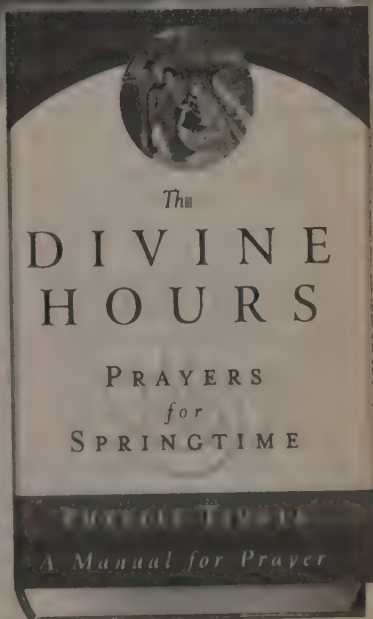


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OLD RESIDENCE LENTEN MEAL

Bread making takes time but affords an opportunity for prayer and meditation. The timeless meal of freshly baked bread, a simple soup, and friends connects us with ages past and calls us to appreciate the basic gifts of God.

Bread:

- 1 cup warm water
- 1 package dry yeast
- pinch sugar
- 3 cups flour
- 2 tsps salt

Sprinkle yeast and pinch of sugar over warm water and allow yeast to begin working. Add 2 cups flour and salt. Mix with beater until dough is tacky. Allow to rest ten minutes. Stir and knead with up to an additional cup of flour until dough is soft and smooth. Allow to rise about one hour in a covered, very lightly oiled bowl. Work or roll dough to a rectangle about 3/8 inch thick. Roll up to form elongated loaf, sealing bottom edge and ends. Cut top diagonally to about 1/2 inch depth at 3/4 inch intervals. Place on

cookie sheet, dusted with cornmeal, cover and let rise until doubled in bulk, about 45 minutes.

Place a pan of water on lower rack of oven and pre-heat oven to 425 degrees. Place bread on upper rack and bake about 20-25 minutes until nicely browned. Remove to cooling rack, do not cover.

Onion Soup:

- 4 Tbsp butter
- 6 medium onions, sliced
- 1 Tbsp sugar
- 4 Tbsp flour
- 8 beef bouillon cubes
- 7 cups water
- 1/2 lb mozzarella cheese

In a 4 quart pot, add onion and sugar to melted butter and saute over low heat for about one hour. Add flour, stirring constantly for about five minutes. Add water and bouillon cubes and increase heat to bring soup to a boil. Ladle into oven-proof soup bowls, cover each with grated mozzarella and place in 400 degree oven until cheese is melted and tinged with brown. Serve with slices of warm bread for a simple dinner for four. — ♦

KEEP THAT WHICH IS COMMITTED

WHEN I entered high school in the late 1940s, ours was a very different society. The student parking lot was a fourth the size of the faculty lot, and usually only half full. If an unmarried girl got pregnant, which rarely happened, it was a matter of shame. Even the pro-choicers saw abortion as a hateful last resort, not a matter of routine convenience. No one ever locked the house or car, yet burglary and car theft were very unusual (and car theft was treated as a felony, not a teen-age prank).

Children were less likely to be corrupted in a time when movie sex was unheard of and Rhett Butler could shock the world by saying "damn" in *Gone With the Wind*. Selling Henry Miller novels would get you a jail sentence for pornography (they can now be found in any large high school library). We giggled when veterans got tears in their eyes at Memorial Day parades, but (though we wouldn't admit it) we got a thrill as we saluted the pass-

ing flag. Older children had ready access to guns and they frequently brought them to school so they could go hunting or target shooting afterwards. Just like today, they got frustrated and angry, they were bullied and picked on, they hated certain teachers, and yet school shootings were unknown.

It wasn't all "wine and roses." Whole classes of Americans were disenfranchised and exploited, the elderly poor often faced unimaginable hardship, women had

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little freedom, and we lived in constant dread of what then seemed the very real danger of a nuclear holocaust. Was that the price to be paid for the otherwise safe, peaceful, and secure life that the rest of us were privileged to enjoy? I do not believe so. I am convinced these injustices could have been rectified without the cost of moral and ethical decay we have seen in the past few decades.

Observable moral decay began at about the same time the Supreme Court declared prayer in school unconstitutional. Oh, how I wish it were that easy—but it is naive and simplistic to say this was the cause of it all. It was not the cause, but one of the first symptoms of our disease. It was not the expulsion of God from school and government that eroded our values, but the fervor with which we embraced it.

We have become so obsessed with teaching sensitivity and diversity that what we have actually done is make ourselves insensitive to the feelings or culture of anyone

but ourselves. We have become a cold, lifeless, and humorless society that pays lip service to compassion and sensitivity, and in fact practices neither of these virtues. Political correctness is, in a word, nothing more than hypocrisy, substituting a vapid "touchy-feeliness" for truth and common sense. We have carefully taught two generations of children that values and moral standards are meaningless, because someone else might disagree with them — and God forbid that we offend someone's feelings (I note Jesus was rarely loath to offend people's feelings).

What can we do about it? First, pray we not succumb to the secularism of our society. Secondly, work in any way God shows us to try to restore to our young people the values of truth, independence, and honest compassion that we once treasured. And most important, remember always this is God's creation, not ours. Treat it as such.

— *The Rev Richard R. Losch,
St James, Livingston, Alabama*

CREAM OF THE CROP



Saint Augustine!
well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each
deed of shame.

— Henry Wadsworth
 Longfellow in
The Ladder of Saint Augustine

ONE OF the truly great Christian classics, St Augustine's *Confessions* appears in many translations (the Foland Library alone has seven) and in innumerable editions.

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sages from his masterpiece of humanity and spiritual depth. White chose the extracts to express Augustine's wisdom and his mystical yearning for God. Lively narrative and colorful anecdotes intersperse passages of great poetry in praise of God. In the process of describing his own failings, Augustine gives relevant advice on living a Christian life.

In this first modern illustrated edition of the the *Confessions*, Augustine's words are accompanied by medieval and Renaissance illustrations from manuscripts in the Augustiniana at the British Library making this a volume for readers to keep for a lifetime.



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HILLSPEAKING

IN *Wintertidings* 1999 (the quarterly leaflet of the EPISCOPAL BOOK CLUB), I wrote: "In a quarter-century plus of walking the trails at Hillspeak, I have never encountered a poisonous snake on the pathway."

That statement held true until this year.

In the course of a late Sunday morning walk last September, I came across a rattlesnake curled up in the middle of the path that leads from the cemetery to the footbridge. He was not coiled to strike, but rather curled around and over himself and appeared to be snoozing soundly. He took no notice of me. Either he had just gorged himself or was water-logged from the previous night's downfall. I took pains not to disturb him and went on my way. When I came back over that same route the next day he was gone – having digested his dinner or dried out or perhaps just finished his nap.

Fortunately, Godfrey was off chasing squirrels or moles or such. He tends to rush in where older, wiser dogs would hesitate. Insofar as I know, he still has not met up with a snake and, curiously, he simply ignores turtles. Deer have become so plentiful around Hillspeak that a good part of the time he ignores them. Squirrels, however, are a different matter.

Walking the Silver Cloud Trail can lead to some interesting encounters. One summer morning a year or so ago, Godfrey flushed a rabbit that was so confused as to which way to go he jumped right at me and hit me head on in the pit of my stomach. Rabbits, I found out, have very hard heads! He caromed off me and before I could catch my breath or Godfrey could figure out what happened, he was gone. More recently I was hit on the end of my nose by a very large grasshopper that was having some difficulty

with its navigation. And I have ducked more than once when it appeared a bumble-bee was about to hit me between the eyes.

Walks at Hillspeak are delightful, good for the body and good for the soul – but it's best to be alert all the time.

– *The Trustees' Warden*



*Remember man
that you are dust
and into dust
you shall return*

The purpose of
having an open mind
is the same as having
an open mouth
-- so that we can
close it on
something nourishing.

G. K. Chesterton



REMEMBER TAD IN YOUR WILL

You can help the ministries of the Episcopal Book Club, The Anglican Digest, Operation Pass Along, The Anglican Bookstore and The Howard Lane Foland Library by remembering us in your will. You may do so by using the following wording:

"I hereby give, devise and bequeath to the Society for Promoting and Encouraging Arts and Knowledge of the Church (SPEAK), a not-for-profit corporation, with the present address of 805 County Road 102, Eureka Springs, AR 72632-9705 and its successor, the greater of \$_____, or _____ percentage of my gross estate, to be used in such manner as determined by its trustees."

**BY WILL AND DEED**

\$160,000 to St Paul's Parish, Columbus, Indiana from the estate of Mary Evelyn Guinn.



One-third of the estate of Jane Cassidy, long time member, to St James-by-the-Sea, La Jolla, California. This is the largest single donation in the history of the church.



\$1,000,000 from the H. Boone and Violet M. Porter Charitable Foundation to The General Theological Seminary to endow the Professor of Liturgics chair in memory of the Rev Dr H. Boone Porter, Jr. (1923-1999). Dr Porter was the Seminary's first Professor of Liturgics and initiated the first formal doctoral program in liturgy in the United States.



\$10,000 from the estate of John

J. Heaney to The Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. Mr. Heaney was a devoted member of St Anthony of Padua, Hackensack, New Jersey, and long time member of the Confraternity.



St John's, Fort Smith, Arkansas received two bequests totaling \$1,108,000. The estate of Ruth Skinner, long-time parishioner, provided \$880,000 for acquisition of land and facilities for development of the parish program and outreach. The estate of Betty Rockhold, unknown to the parish, bequeathed \$228,000 without restrictions as to use.



\$50,000 from the estate of Alice L. McCue to Trinity Church, Vero Beach, Florida.

THE FRANCISCAN ORDER OF THE DIVINE COMPASSION, ECUSA, is a traditional, conservative Religious Order formed to preserve the historic Catholic Faith as the Anglican Church received it, closely following in the footsteps and spirit of St. Francis. Inquiries: Men and women called to be a Tertiary of the Third Order, write: Fr. David, OSM, Guardian and Novice Master, 210 Ashantilly St., St. Simons Island, GA 31522.



AND IN ALL PLACES



✠ **A TIP OF THE BIRETTA** to St Paul's Parish, Columbus, Indiana, celebrating 125 years of ministry to the city of Columbus. This anniversary is marked by the completion of a \$1.6 million renovation and expansion project to the church. This proud and committed congregation of 135 families raised \$1.3 million in gifts and pledges toward the completion of the project.

✠ **OPERATION PASS ALONG** and, ultimately, the Bishop of Masasi in Tanzania, thank their benefactor in Altadena, California, for the vestment and altar items sent to Operation Pass Along at Hillspeak last September.

✠ **THANK YOU** to those who kindly donated to the restoration of the picture of the Last Supper at Windsor Parish Church (Transfiguration A.D. 2001). A book of condolence in the Church, which is open for prayer daily, has been signed by many people who have also lit a candle for those who suffered loss in the tragedy of

September 11. Any additional help you are able to give will be appreciated. Funds can be sent to their bank: HSBC Bank PLC, 175 Buckingham Avenue, Slough Trading Estate, Slough, Berkshire, SL1 4RD, UK (Bank Sorting Code 404209, Account PCC Windsor Parish Church & All Saints, Account Number 51055526.)

✠ **THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH IN AMERICA (ELCA)** installed its third presiding bishop, the Rev Mark Hanson, with a festive and historic liturgy on the campus of the University of Chicago. The service marked a milestone in the full communion agreement between the ELCA and Episcopal Church. Called to Common Mission, inaugurated at the Feast of Epiphany in January, 2001, at the National Cathedral, calls for at least three bishops in the historic episcopate to participate in all future installations of ELCA bishops, including its presiding bishop. Presiding Bishop Frank T. Griswold helped to

put this pledge into practice by joining five Lutheran bishops, the presiding bishop of the Moravian Church and leaders of the Reformed churches in the laying on of hands during the installation rite, the first time an ELCA presiding bishop has been installed into the historic episcopate.

✠ **L'ARCHE CHICAGO** is seeking an Executive Director/Community Leader — one who embodies and can communicate the spirit of L'Arche. L'Arche is a faith based community where persons with developmental disabilities and those who assist them create home together in the spirit of Christ. For more information about this opportunity in an amazing city, call Julius Belser at (847) 328-0773.

✠ **MONEY EDUCATION** — After a year of exploring ways that money affects the life of Christians, a task force of lay and clergy Episcopalians around the country has proposed a new multimedia educational series called *Rich at Heart: Making Peace with Mon-*

ey. The multimedia series will be developed by the Episcopal Media Center in Atlanta which will be responsible for developing the scripts and seeking funds, while relying on the task force for ideas, support and feedback.

✠ **FIRST FEMALE BISHOP** for the Episcopal Diocese of Southern Virginia — The Rev Carol J. Gallagher, a member of the Cherokee Nation, was elected bishop suffragan for the Episcopal Diocese of Southern Virginia. She is the first indigenous female elected bishop in the worldwide Anglican Communion. Her primary duties will be to provide pastoral care for clergy families and to work with small congregations. Bishop-elect Gallagher has been a priest for 11 years. She is currently rector of St Anne's, Middletown, Delaware. She has served on the Episcopal Council of Indian Ministries and on the church's anti-racism committee.

✠ **THE RT REV MARK S. SISK** became the 15th Bishop of the Diocese of New York upon the

retirement of the 14th Bishop, the Rt Rev Richard F. Grein. The ceremony to install Bishop Sisk was held at the Cathedral Church of St John The Divine.

✠ **A TIP OF THE BIRETTA** to Dr Edward A. Wallace on his retirement after 35 years as organist and choirmaster of the Church of SS Michael & George, St Louis, Missouri. The vestry named Dr Wallace as Organist and Choirmaster Emeritus. A longtime member of the Association of Anglican Musicians, he designed the church's organ. Dr Wallace's career also included services as organist and music director of Temple Shaare Emeth and as University Organist at Washington University.

✠ **WESTERN MICHIGAN** Episcopalians elected the Very Rev Robert R. Gepert to become the Eighth Bishop of the Diocese of Western Michigan when the present bishop, the Rt Rev Edward L. Lee, Jr., retires at the end of June 2002.

✠ **NASHOTAH HOUSE**, Nashotah, Wisconsin, installed The Very Rev Dr Robert S. Munday as eighteenth Dean and President of the House.

The Rt Rev Edward L. Salmon, Jr., Bishop of South Carolina, Chairman of the Nashotah House Board of Trustees (as well as the Board of Trustees of THE ANGLICAN DIGEST), presided at the installation. For more information visit the seminary website at www.nashotah.edu

✠ **HOSPITALITY WITH A PURPOSE** - The Seafarers & International House at Union Square in New York City offers guest rooms for travelers at prices well below the standard New York City rates. As a non-profit agency, the rates are also not subject to state or city room taxes. An agency of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America, the Seafarers & International House serves the needs of seafarers and sojourners through pastoral care, counseling, advocacy, worship, and lodging. Patronage of the house supports their mission programs and service. For reservations or information contact them at (212) 505-6034 or by e-mail at res@sihny.org. Find them on the web at

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CHRISTIAN NURTURE

On a bright Sunday morning, a baby is presented for Holy Baptism. Her parents are there, along with the congregation and the clergy. But before the water is poured and the sign of the cross is made on the baby's forehead, the parents are asked to make very important promises:

"Will you be responsible for seeing that the child you present is brought up in the Christian faith and life?"

The parents respond, *"I will, with God's help."*

"Will you by your prayers and witness help this child to grow into the full stature of Christ?"

"I will, with God's help," the parents respond again.

Christian educators have acknowledged for many years that parents are the primary educators of children as they grow in Christ. Back in 1861, Horace Bushnell, in his landmark book *Christian Nurture*, urged us to look to the family as teachers of the love of God and the ways of Christian living. Does the family pray together and

attend services together? Is the child shown the examples of Christian living in the home before he can even walk or talk? Does the family speak of religion in the home and talk about how Christianity might be practiced at school or in the workplace?

In a recent study of mainstream Protestant dominations, researchers discovered a surprising statistic: children who worked with their parents in serving others were more likely to continue participation in the church as adults than those who did not. Merely doing service projects was not enough; the co-participation of the parents made the difference. Christian nurture is by no means a thing of the past. In a society becoming increasingly more secular, the example of parents in modeling Christian values is more important than ever.

Children need the profound, intimate, 24-hour-a-day influence of a child's best teachers — his parents and those adults close to him.

What can you do to nur-

ture your child's faith? The possibilities are endless. The possibilities are also simple things you can do as part of everyday life. Here are some ideas:

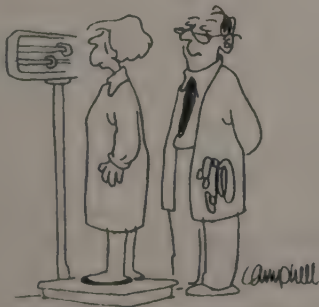
- *Pray as a family before meals and before bedtime.*
- *If your child has a problem, suggest that he or she pray about the situation. Are there Bible stories or scripture verses that might help your child in coming to terms with the problem?*
- *If you take your child to the library or bookstore, look for books, audio tapes or video tapes that deal with religious or spiritual topics (e.g. Veggie Tales, many of Tommie De-*

Paolo's books, a child's story-book Bible).

- *Practice your faith by doing something for the needy together.*
- *Actively talk about stewardship together. What is the best way to use your money, your time, your gifts? What are your priorities as a family?*

This list is certainly not exhaustive. The point is to work your faith into the rest of your daily life - and that will mean different things for each family. The point is to show your child what it means to live one's life in the Christian faith - something that will affect your child for the rest of his or her life.

- by Cynthia Coe, Director of
Children's Ministries,
Church of the Ascension,
Knoxville, Tennessee



"You counted your blessings instead of your calories on Thanksgiving, didn't you Mrs. Blair?"

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JUDGING OTHERS

A man who smelled like a distillery flopped on a subway seat next to a priest. The man's tie was stained, his face was plastered with red lipstick, and a half empty bottle of gin was sticking out of his torn coat pocket. He opened his newspaper and began reading. After a few minutes, the disheveled guy turned to the priest and asked, "Say, Father, what causes arthritis?"

"Mister, it is caused by loose living, being with cheap, wicked women, too much alcohol, and a contempt for your fellow man", the priest scolded him.

"Well, I'll be," the drunk muttered returning to his newspaper.

The priest, thinking about what he had said, nudged the man and apologized. "I'm very sorry, I didn't mean to come on so strong. How long have you had arthritis?"

"I don't have arthritis, Father," the man replied, "I was just reading here that the Pope does."

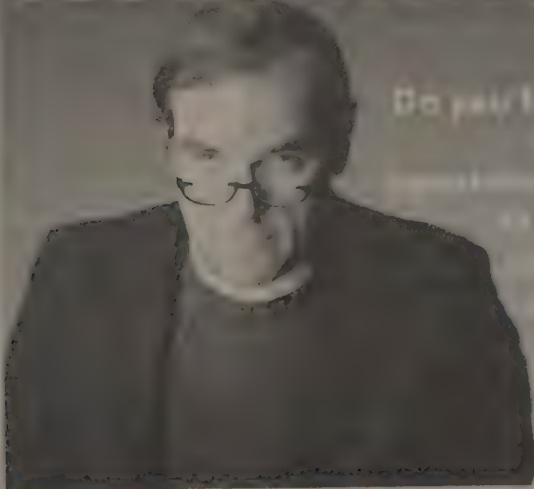
Have you ever judged a person by their appearance, only to be surprised or even embarrassed later? Our Tuesday

Morning Bible Study has been reading Paul's letter to the Galatians these past few weeks. In the last chapter of this book, Paul warns the churches in Galatia, "*If you catch a person in a moral slip up, you who are spiritual should restore him gently. Carry each other's burdens, but watch yourself or you also may be tempted.*" Paul has been teaching about the downfalls of living by the Law rather than the Spirit. The Law will cause us to be prideful, jealous and envious. The law will cause divisions among us. However, "*the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness and self control.*"

It was not just a problem for the Galatians, for all of us find ourselves, from time to time, falling back to trying to live by the law, living in competition with others rather than compassion. If you find yourself becoming judgmental about your neighbors, remind yourself of Paul's words: "*The entire law is summed up in a single command: Love your neighbor as yourself.*"

— The Rev Robert H. Blackwell,
St Peter's, Talladega, Alabama

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DEATHS



✠ **THE REV CANON EDWARD BLAINE GEYER, Jr.**, 71, canon missionary to Atlantic City area churches. A graduate of New York University and Philadelphia Divinity School, Fr Geyer was ordained in 1958 in the Diocese of New York. He served parishes in New York, Vermont, and Connecticut. He was past president of the Union of Black Episcopalians, trustee of the Philadelphia Divinity School and of the General Theological Seminary, a fellow of the college of Preachers, canon under Presiding Bishop John Allin, executive of the National Mission Church and Society, and a two time deputy to General Convention. He was also chaplain and associate professor at St Paul's College in Virginia.

✠ **THE REV MARGARET FAYE HARDY**, 69, deacon at Good Shepherd Mission, Fort Defiance, Arizona. She attended Cook College and Theological School and the Indigenous Theological Train-

ing Institute. She was appointed lay pastor of Good Shepherd Mission in 1983 and ordained deacon in 2000.

✠ **THE REV ROBERT JELLIFFE**, 76, in Madison, Wisconsin. A graduate of St John's University and of Catholic University, Fr Jelliffe served as priest in the Roman Catholic Church from 1951 to 1973. He was received as deacon in the Episcopal Church in 1975 and as priest in 1976. He served parishes in Arkansas and Wisconsin.

✠ **FR MICHAEL F. JUDGE, OFM**, 68, a friar for 46 years and a priest for 40 years, died September 11 in the line of duty as Chaplain with the New York City Fire Department at the scene of the World Trade Center disaster. He died doing what he loved among the people he loved. Fr Michael's body was taken to St Peter's Church on Barclay Street and laid in the sanctuary by his fellow firefighters.

✠ **THE REV CHARLES HURT MURPHY, Jr.**, 79, in Mt Pleasant, South Carolina. Fr Murphy was a graduate of Howard College and of the Virginia Theological Seminary. He was ordained deacon in 1963 and priest in 1964. He served parishes in Alabama and Tennessee until 1983. From 1983 to 1992, he and his wife, Anne, led teaching missions throughout the United States and wrote books. In later years he was an associate at St Andrew's, Mt Pleasant.

✠ **THE MOST REV DR YONA OKOTH**, 68 first bishop of the Diocese of Bukedi, Uganda, and later Archbishop of Uganda. Bishop Okoth trained both at Bishop Usher Wilson College, Buwalasi, Mbale and Wycliffe College, Toronto, Canada.

✠ **THE VEN RICHARD H. PEMBLE**, archdeacon of the Diocese of Chicago, 68. Archdeacon Pemble attended Simpson College and Drake University. He worked at TIME magazine until retirement in 1994. He was ordained deacon in Wilmette, Illinois in

1974 and served at St Augustine's. Named archdeacon in 1993, he was an officer in the North American Association for the Diaconate.

✠ *May they rest in peace
and
rise in glory.* ✠

BE AT PEACE

BE AT PEACE. Do not look forward in fear to the changes of life; rather look to them with full hope as they arise. God, whose very own you are, will deliver you from out of them. He has kept you hitherto, and He will lead you safely through all things; and when you cannot stand it, God will bury you in His arms. Do not fear what may happen tomorrow; the same everlasting Father who cares for you today will take care of you then and every day. He will either shield you from suffering or will give you unfailing strength to bear it.

Be at peace and put aside all anxious thoughts and imaginations.

— *St Francis of Assisi*

WE RECOMMEND

THE LAST STONE, from the *Francesco's Friendly World Series*, is an excellent video for the younger set, ages 2 to 9. The brilliant colors, lively characters, and basic messages of praise and thanksgiving for God's creation center on building community, dealing with adversity, and facing fear. Good songs and expert animation make this an enjoyable video for parents or grandparents to watch with their children. And the little ones will want to watch it over and over and... Order from THE ANGLICAN BOOKSTORE, ITEM D002T, \$16 ppd.



GOD SIGHTINGS: Discovering God in Everyday Life and IN EVERY BLADE OF RUSTLING GRASS by Bass M. Mitchell. These books each offer thirty-one brief stories and reflections for meditation. Drawn from the experiences of everyday life, they raise awareness of God's presence and our continuing encounter with the Holy. The



TAD reviewer found many morsels in these books which were spiritually filling — a wonderful resource for a Lenten discipline. The Rev Mr Mitchell is an UMC pastor in Virginia, a graduate of Duke University Divinity School, and a frequent contributor to *The Upper Room*. These books are available from most bookstores.

LENTEN REFLECTIONS: A CLOSER WALK by Jeanne Conte. Anglican Digest reviewers found *Lenten Reflections* to offer a wealth of material for Lenten meditations and an excellent tool to engage the reader in a true Lenten discipline.

The reflections are presented in three parts — Part I: The Lenten Season; How to Use this Little Book; Part II: Forty Daily Readings for the Lenten Season; Part III: Holy Week beginning on the Eve of Holy Week, Lazarus Saturday, and ending on the Day of Days, Easter/Paschal. It is available from most bookstores.

"Lenten Reflections is a blessing for those seeking peace, solace, faith, hope and sincere Christian love as they approach the joyful solemnity of Lent and Easter. Ms Conte presents an inspiring melange of Eastern and Western meditations and prayers, gently and intelligently interwoven within the Stations of the Cross and the Holy Commandments."

— The Rev Dr Athanasios Demos,
St George Greek Orthodox Church,
Bethesda, Maryland.



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A PRAYER FOR

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Bless, Lord, the peaceable homes and steady
lives which from early times have looked to a
wide and quiet river to be their highway and
their harbor. As the estuary opens to the sea,
so may the hope of Thy people be borne to the
wideness of Thy glory and Delaware be ever
sanctified: Lovely among her fields of green;
first to wear the Constitution of American
freedom; alert to the needs of all, and in all
things faithful;
through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

THE THREE 'R's FOR LENT

READING. This year for Lent read more. Read the Bible. I recommend the lessons appointed for the Daily Office. They are listed in the Book of Common Prayer. In the Daily Lectionary there are readings from the Old Testament, Psalms, Epistles, and Gospels for every day in Lent. The daily readings are also listed in *Forward Day by Day*, along with a daily meditation on some portion thereof.

Read a book that will help you grow spiritually. This Lent set aside some time every day, in the morning or in the evening, to read and nourish your soul.

WRITING. This year try keeping a journal for Lent. Write down some thoughts daily. Think of a journal as a forty day letter to God and/or notes to yourself; each day being one installment. You can write on a legal pad or on a computer, or on anything else you have handy. The important thing is to write. It will

take a bit of time, but you will be surprised at what begins to come out. Don't worry about being eloquent or profound, just write what is on your mind and in your heart. It will be difficult at first, but if you keep at it you will be richly rewarded.

Write to someone with whom you have not communicated for a long time. Write to a family member or friend who lives far away and reestablish contact. Write to someone you have "written off". Write to someone you love but maybe take for granted. Write to your children. Write to your parents. Write to someone you treasure. Write to someone you need to be reconciled with. Write a "Thank You" note to someone who has done something for you, no matter how long ago, someone who is not expecting any thanks.

Write prayers. Write poetry. Write a story. Write down all the things you are thankful for in life. Write down the things that hurt and limit you. Write down a list of your sins and then offer them to God. Write

down a five, ten, and fifteen-year plan for your life. Write down your dreams. Connect your words to the Word.

ARITHMETIC. "Do the math" as the saying goes.

This Lent, consider how you are spending your time. Where is God in the mix? How much time do you give to prayer and conversation with God? How much time do you give to worship? How much time do you allow to attend to the spiritual dimension of your life? How much time is enough for these things? What are your time priorities? Who do you let control your time? How can you readjust your time commitments? What do you think of as a waste of time? How can you redeem the "dead time" in your life? In the words of an old blues song, "Life gets mighty precious when there's less of it to waste."

Do the math with your finances. Instead of simply balancing your checkbook, try to put some balance into it. How might you stretch yourself in this dimension? What is an "OK" amount to spend

each week on dining out and entertainment? On fashion? How does this amount compare to your definition of an "OK" amount to give to God each week? Do the math. The 101st Archbishop of Canterbury once described our culture as one that has confused price with value. He said, "We seem to know the price of most everything but not the true value." Lent is a time to appreciate the value of a relationship with God and then express it by "Doing the math."

Lent - a season to get back to the basics. May God assist us in the "Three R's".

- *The Rev James L. Burns,*
Church of the Heavenly Rest,
New York, New York

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THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS

In approximately 326, the mother of Emperor Constantine, St Helena, made a trip to Jerusalem where she founded basilicas on the Mount of Olives and at Bethlehem. She is also said to have discovered the pieces of the Cross on which Jesus was crucified and the cave where he was buried. It became the custom for pilgrims to visit these sites and to follow the traditional Good Friday route, stopping several times for prayer. Customarily, there are fourteen places or "stations" commemorating incidents in Jesus' final journey from the house of Pontius Pilate to Mount Calvary.

Eight of these are based on events recorded in the gospels: Jesus is condemned to death, Jesus takes up the Cross, the Cross is laid on Simon of Cyrene, Jesus meets the women of Jerusalem, Jesus is stripped of his garments, Jesus is nailed to the Cross, Jesus dies on the

Cross, Jesus is laid in the tomb. The other six are based on inferences from scripture or pious legend: Jesus falls the first time, Jesus meets his afflicted mother, a woman wipes the face of Jesus, Jesus falls a second time, Jesus falls a third time, the body of Jesus is placed in the arms of his mother.

The Crusaders also walked the Way of the Cross, known as the Via Dolorosa, and upon returning from Palestine to their homes in Europe, they constructed tableaux (known as "Little Jerusalems") depicting scenes along the way of the cross. These pictures or carvings made it possible for penitents assigned a penance of pilgrimage to walk the route without leaving their home towns. In 1694 Pope Innocent XII declared them to be the equivalent of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

- The Rev Margaret
Cunningham,
All Saints',
Pasadena, California

ASHES TO ASHES, WE ALL FALL DOWN

SOME SUGGEST the children's rhyme that includes the lines, "Ashes to ashes, we all fall down" originated during the bubonic plague epidemic in Europe. Others think the poem had a different beginning. Whatever its origins, these lines tell the truth about us all. It is a truth we will hear repeated on Ash Wednesday as we feel the grit of ashes rubbed cross shape onto our foreheads and hear the ancient words, "Remember that you are dust, and to dust you shall return."

The word "Lent" comes from an old word which means "springtime," the time of year when days grow longer and we concentrate on spiritual renewal in preparation for Easter. The traditional disciplines of Lent are prayer, fasting, and almsgiving—prayer, for the good of our souls, fasting for the good of our bodies and obedience, and almsgiving for the good of our neighbors. These ancient disciplines call us to readjust our priorities, to take God and eternity more seriously. The purpose and goal of Lent is to

help us return to the purity of heart God intends for all of us.

English poet and lyricist, Christina Rossetti, has a Lenten meditation we might well make our own:

Lent:

*Forty chalices to be used or
abused*

*Forty appeals to be responded
to or resisted.*

Forty battles to be lost or won

*Forty days to be utilized or
wasted.*

*And then the account to be
closed and the result registered.*

Or again, more solemnly,

*Lent: a loan of forty days: but
such a loan as is terminable
at the pleasure of the Lender.*

*Lent: a loan of unguaranteed
duration: the beginning by
God's mercy, ours; the end not
assured to us.*

*Lent: a period sent us wherein
specially to prepare for eternity;
forty days long at the longest:
Can forty days be accounted
long when eternity is at stake?*

*In the Day of Judgment,
Good Lord, deliver us.*

— The Rev Larry P. Smith,
Rector, Church of the
Incarnation, Dallas, Texas

ABOUT OUR COVERS

On the front cover is Raphael's *Crucifixion*, his first signed painting, done around 1502. A "gentle" painting, it depicts an almost bloodless crucifixion and reflects the serene atmosphere of the studio at Perugia. European culture was rapidly emerging as the dominant world force. Within a generation, the Church would feel the pangs of the Reformation. England would break its long standing dependence on Rome, exerting its independence in the political and religious domain. A serene era was at its end.

On the back cover is St Paul's Chapel in New York City, a parish chapel of Trinity Church. Built on land granted by Queen Anne, this is the oldest church in Manhattan to be in continuous use since its construction in 1766. St Paul's reflects characteristics of Georgian churches such as the London church of St Martin-in-the-Fields, after which it was modeled. The steeple was added in 1796. It's history

stretches from George Washington's inauguration to the World Trade Center attack. Just behind the steeple is World Trade Center 2. See "The Whole World Changed September 11th" on p. 14.

EPILOGUE

St John of the Cross says every quality or virtue which the Holy Spirit produces in men's souls has three distinguishing characters — as it were a three-fold trademark — Tranquility, Gentleness, and Strength. Tranquility, gentleness, and strength, carrying us through the changes of weather, the ups and downs of the route, the varied surface of the road, the inequalities of family life, emotional and professional disappointments, the sudden intervention of bad fortune or bad health, the rising and falling of our religious temperature. This is the three-fold impact of the Spirit on the souls surrendered to His great action.

— Evelyn Underhill,
via Christ the King,
Salisbury, North Carolina



St Paul's Chapel